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## Journey to Hell :

O R, A

Visit paid to the Devil.

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P O E M.

*Upon ye Parsons, Lawyers & Physicians.*

L O N D O N,

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Journey to Hell.

Part I.

Part II.



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# THE PREFACE.

**S**INCE a Poet, in a piece of Satyr, like a Passionate Man in a Skirmish, may by accident offend those he never designed to meddle with, the Author, lest People should think he has too far jested with an Edge-Tool, has thought fit to declare, that he had no other Intention in the following Poem, than to apply it as a Carpenter does his Axe, when, to the hazard of its Edge, he strikes at those stubborn and irregular Knots which are a discredit to the Tree, and lessen the value of the Timber: Or as a Surgeon handles his Lancet, when he lays open a corrupt Member, which is both troublesome and scandalous to the sound parts of the Body. It is evident enough, there is no Church in the World but what has received some Blemishes from her Priests, meaning some few, who, for want of either Learning, Prudence, or Piety, have been a dishonour to their Function, such only I accuse; and I hope, should I blame Peter for denying his Master, or Judas for betraying Him, the rest of the Apostles would have no reason to be angry. If I am condemn'd for Arraigning 'em in the Lower Regions, which some of 'em have good reason to hope was prepar'd only for us Laymen, I have only this to say, that I am not the first that has plac'd a vicious Clergyman in the Infernal Territories; for Michael Angelo, the Famous Roman Painter, in his Resurrection in St. Peter's Chapel, had the presumption to paint a Cardinal in Hell, so very like the grave Father he represented, that every body knew the Picture, which put the good Old Gentleman under so great a Dissatisfaction, that he complain'd to the Pope, and desir'd he would Command it should be rub'd out; who told him, he was got quite out of his Jurisdiction, saying, If he had been but a step on this side, he could have released him from Purgatory, but having not the Keys of Hell, from thence there could be no Redemption.

## The PREFACE.

The next part of my *Apology*, is to the Learned Professors both of Law and Physick, for whom (as well as the Orthodox Clergy of the English Church) I have a peculiar Veneration, who cannot be insensible what swarms of hungry and unskilful Practicers in both Sciences there are, who fraudulently prey upon the honest Labours of the Publick, at such only is this Satyr pointed, who support themselves basely by others Ruin, and have no just Prospect, for want of true Knowledge in their Business, to preserve themselves from Beggary, but by often bringing others into it; one side plunging their Clients further into Trouble, instead of helping them out; and the other, instead of recovering their Patients of Curable Distempers, will, if they be Poor, thro' neglect; or if Rich, by delays of Cure, for Interest sake, be the Death of some, and the undoing of others, to their whole Lives Misery. Therefore, since it as essentially relates to the Comforts of the Life of Man, to know what other People are, as well as what he himself should be, I thought it no Ill Task to Communicate to the World what knowledge of Mankind I have gather'd from my own Experience; the Good wont hurt us, 'tis the Bad we must be Cautious how we deal with; for which reason, I have herein separated the Wicked from the Godly, representing only the former, to show Youth what Monsters in Humane Shape they must expect to meet with in this World, tho' of the most Noble Professions: Therefore, my whole Design is only to make Men careful with what Priests they trust their Souls; with what Lawyers their Estates; and with what Physicians their Bodies. And if this Part of my Undertaking succeed well, and that the World is pleased with it, they shall hear further from me on the same Subject; for in this I had not room to half finish my Design. So Farewel.

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# Journey to Hell :

O'R, A

## Visit paid to the Devil.

### CANTO I.

**W**HEN *Western* Clouds involv'd the God of  
Light,

And all the *Eastern* starry Orbs look'd bright ;  
When Sots their Tavern Bacchanals begun,  
And *Thetis* at a draught drank up the Sun ;  
Whilst *Luna* with her Silver Horns drew near,  
To bless the Night, and bear Dominion here.  
'Twas then that I, my better self, my Soul  
Broke loose, and thro' my Prison Casements stole,  
And glad I'd shifted off my Earthly Chains;  
Danc'd like a flaming Vapour round the Plains.  
I then thro' Brakes and over Whirl-Pools flew,  
Till tir'd with only superficial view ;

B

Then

Then into Holes and Crannies did I dive,  
 Where Badger, Fox, and sundry Vermine live,  
 Where Moles were labouring to enlarge their Homes  
 And buzzing Bees made Musick o'er their Combs.  
 Farther I darted thro' the porous Earth,  
 To seek that Womb whence Nature had her Birth,  
 But found the hidden Mistry far too great,  
 And for a Human Soul too intricate:  
 Causes with sundry Causes mix'd I found,  
 Each Matrix did with proper Seeds abound,  
 But why those Seeds their likeness shou'd produce,  
 Their Form preserve, be still the same in use,  
 My shallow Reason neither see or knew,  
 But found each Cause did the Decrees pursue,  
 Of some Eternal Pow'r beyond dim Reasons view.  
 Thro' deeper Caverns still I forc'd my way,  
 Where useless Dregs of the old Chaos lay,  
 Involv'd in Night, remote, and never seen by Day.  
 Where Plagues and Pestilential Fumes were pent,  
 Till Heav'n's Decree shou'd give 'em fatal vent:  
 Where greater Serpents do the less devour,  
 And Human-like, contend for Sov'reign Pow'r:  
 Where Streams thro' subteranean Channels run,  
 And fight with Winds far distant from the Sun;  
 Whose violent Shocks the World can scarce survive,  
 But trembles at the very strokes they give.  
 And where Heavens Judgments in subjection lay,  
 Ready the dreadful Trumpet to Obey,  
 And work the World's destruction at the last sad Day.

Thus

Thus thro' Nights deep Avenues did I pass,  
 Where all was rude as in the unform'd Mass.  
 Thro' Death's remoter frightful Vaults I went,  
 Where ghastly Sprights their Follies past lament,  
 And in despairing Sighs such Discord make,  
 No Soul could hear, but of their Grief partake,  
 Dreading from thence their sad remove each Hour,  
 To endless Pains, where Time shall be no more.  
 So the poor Thief, when seiz'd for his Offence,  
 Finds his own Conscience Judge and Evidence.  
 And thus, before he to the Bar shall come,  
 Dreads with sad Terror his succeeding Doom.

I forward press'd, bemoaning of their Case,  
 Freed from my Earth, Death ask'd me for no Pass,  
 But boldly shot the Adamantine Gates  
 Without repulse, unquestion'd by the Fates,  
 Who busie fate, with Distaff, Reel, and Knife,  
 Spining and cutting Man's short Threads of Life.  
 O'er scorching Sands, where fiery Seeds lay hid,  
 I Travell'd, till the *Avernian* Hills I spy'd,  
 High were their gloomy Heads, the trodden Path as wide. }  
 I ventur'd forwards, till to *Styx* I came,  
 Which shone like humid Vapours in a flame;  
 Its poysonous Fumes so fatal and impure,  
 None but Immortal Spirits can endure.  
 I stood a while, and ponder'd by the Lake  
 Upon the frightful Voyage I had still to take.

## CANTO II.

My Resolutions now much stronger grew,  
 My first Intentions to at last pursue,  
*Charon* I call'd, his leaky Boat to Freight,  
 Who in's infernal Pinnacle nodd'ing fate:  
 Hearing a Voice he started, and with speed,  
 He drag'd his rotten Bark from Mud and Weed:  
 With painful pulls he brought her to the Shore,  
 Black with the Guilt of those he'd wafted o'er.  
 The grisly Churl ask'd whither I wou'd go,  
 Up to *Elizium*, or the Shades below.  
 I told him I to *Pluto's* Court was bound,  
 Where restless Souls amid'st their Pains are found.  
 The frowning Pilot finding me alone,  
 E'en bid me wait, for he'd not carry One.  
 'Twas I, said he, this Ferry first began,  
 And held it ever since the Fall of Man,  
 But never yet, as *Pluto* knows full well,  
 E'er wafted o'er one single Soul to Hell.  
 On Earth of what Employment cou'd'st thou be,  
 Who com'st so destitute of Company:  
 Hard was thy Fate, to these dark Shades unknown,  
 Thou art the first that e'er was Damn'd alone.

I heard his Questions, but no Answer made,  
 And what he further ask'd did still evade,  
 With humble Words, that with him might prevail,  
 To take his Fare on board and set up Sail.

But



But all my soft Persuasions would not make;  
 The grim Tarpaulin his old Custom break,  
 Who gently row'd his Ferry to and fro,  
 Bauling aloud, *Hey, downward, downward ho.*  
 Thus for more Company being forc'd to wait;  
 Down on the Bank, amongst the Weeds, I sat,  
 And looking round me, at a distance saw,  
 A loit'ring Crowd towards *Charon's* Ferry draw :  
 They gently crept along, oft seem'd to stay,  
 And hung their Arses as if bound my way :  
 So the Wretch, drove to suffer for his Crime,  
 Now steps, then stops, to lengthen out the Time.

*Charon* look'd out, the multitude drew nigh,  
 P--- on 'em, says the Churl, this sooty fry  
 Are Lawyers Souls, I know them by their dye.  
 Close to the *Stygian* Banks at last they came,  
 Showing some signs of Sorrow, some of Shame :  
 Despair and Anguish in their Looks I read,  
 Each did his sultry unknown Voyage dread ;  
 And, Transport like, as gladly would be drown'd,  
 As see the slavish Shore to which they're bound.  
*Charon* pull'd near, but grumbl'd in the Throat,  
 Your pondrous Ills will never let me float,  
 You always come in Crowds, enough to sink my Boat :  
 If Hell in such mean Traffick means to Trade,  
*Pluto* must get a stronger Vessel made :  
 But come, step in, and do not make me stay,  
 Pray trim the Boat, whilst I my Stretcher lay.

Then in we hobbl'd from a steep Descent,  
 Hoisted up Sail, and on our way we went ;  
 Whilst I, not under the Decrees of Fate,  
 Amongst the sighing Crew with Pleasure sate,  
 Bearing some glim'rings of celestial Light,  
 With them compar'd, look'd innocent and bright,  
 As the tan'd Mariner 'mongst Negro Slaves looks white. }  
 My Soul was light, and they so weighty were,  
 We held no poize, made *Charon* curse his Fare.  
 Who pull'd and puff'd, still roar'd with open Throat,  
 W-----nds move your Shades, and better trim the Boat,  
 The Larboard Gunhil's almost under Water,  
 For me, the Devil waft such Fares hereafter.  
 My Soul considering her diviner Air,  
 No ballance with their heavy Crimes could bear,  
 Stept from the side, and in the center got,  
 And to the Churls content I trim'd the Boat,  
 Which *Charon* skull'd a head with mighty pains,  
 Deep Laden as a Western Barge from *Stains*.  
 Downwards our Course, and as more way we made,  
 The Rocky Beach still loftier rais'd its Head ;  
 Whose thistly Product all look'd parch'd and dry,  
 Like Weeds long ho'd that in the Sun-shine lye.  
 Vapours condens'd hung low'ring o'er each Head,  
 And sporting Dæmons round the Vessel play'd.  
 Night-Ravens, Bats, and Screech-Owls then drew near,  
 To give old *Charon*, as he pass'd, a cheer ; }  
 Who with their horrid Skrieks alarm'd each frightened Ear, }  
 Mix'd with the Groans of filthy Souls from Stews,  
 Condemn'd to Fetters in the stinking Ouse.

Thus

Thus the black Judge such Punishment contrives,  
 As bears proportion to their odious Lives.  
 Serpents, like River-fish, their freaks would take,  
 And skip above the surface of the Lake;  
 Where Furies came from their more curs'd abodes,  
 To catch and bundle up their snaky Rods.

*Charon* now tir'd, his labouring Oar forsook,  
 A dram of some infernal Spirits took,  
 And 'twixt his Jaws a Pipe of flaming Sulphur stuck;  
 Then to his Oars himself again apply'd,  
 And to his Fare the merry Slave thus cry'd,  
 Chear up, ye sullen Shades, and be not dull;  
 (Then, adding strength, he gave a strenuous pull;) }  
 You who'n the upper World, in long delays  
 Of Justice, and in Quarrels spend your Days,  
 Hold up your drooping Heads, more Courage show,  
 Than fear th'immortal Discords here below.  
 You that have pass'd the Adamantine Gates,  
 Grim King of Terrors, and the moody Fates,  
 Shake off your cowardly Fears, and with a Grace  
 Look the stern Prince of Darkness in the Face.  
 They shook their Ears, and signs of Horror show'd,  
 Great their Despair, and great their sinful load:  
 Their guilty Forms no Comfort cou'd receive,  
 Or could they one defensive Answer give,  
 But hung their thoughtful Heads, look'd *Al-a-mort*,  
 Like sullen Convicts in a *Tyburn-Cart*.

By

By this time to a narrow Gulph we came,  
 The Lake descending in a rapid Stream;  
 Darkness all round above our Heads were set,  
 Lock'd in with Mountains in conjunction met;  
 Where clacks of Whips, and distant Yells were heard,  
 But nothing seen, Night only here appear'd.  
 This Current brought us to the deep Abyss,  
 Unknown to Light, to Harmony, and Peace,  
 Where Souls the painful Stings of Conscience bear,  
 And nothing dwells but Horror and Despair.  
 B'ing come to th' brink of the Infernal Cell,  
 Our Pilot steering to the Wharf of Hell,  
 Landed his Fare, and bid us all farewell.

### CANTO III.

Thus put on Shore upon the dismal Strand,  
 Where fiery Atoms sparkled from the Sand;  
 Sighing my Comrades stood, and made their moan,  
 Like Seamen Shipwreck'd on a Coast unknown,  
 Whilst I unforc'd had little cause to mourn,  
 But was commission'd safely to return.  
 Time prun'd his Wings, and hasten'd on with speed,  
 The dreadful Moment that the Gods decreed,  
 The drooping Wretches should their entrance make,  
 At Hell's wide Porch that guards the burning Lake.  
 Compell'd by the extrinick power of Fate,  
 The trembling Souls gave notice at the Gate,

Dread-



Dreading those Torments which the Ills they'd done  
 Deserv'd, and was not in their power to shun.  
*Cerberus* growl'd, his Three-tone Snarl we heard,  
 The Chain he rattled, and the Gate unbar'd.  
 To *Pluto's* Court we thus admitted were,  
 Dusky his Mansions, sultry hot the Air;  
 The Door shut after's with a frightful Clap,  
 From thole sad Confines could be no escape:  
 Fetters and Links did at a distance clink;  
 Sad Howls we heard, and nothing smelt but Stink;  
 Nauseous as are the Fumes of smoth'ring Straw,  
 Great heat we felt, and gloomy Fires we saw,  
 Glowing like burning Piles of Turf or Peat,  
 Whilst groaning Souls lay basking in the Heat.

My sad Companions were receiv'd by throngs  
 Of envious Spirits, arm'd with fiery Prongs,  
 Who clap'd their pointed Wings, and with a Yell,  
 Gave 'em a dreadful Welcome into Hell,  
 And led 'em Captive to a loathsome Cell;  
 Whilst I some Rays of Innocence diffus'd,  
 Unquestion'd pass'd, by all the Guards excus'd:  
 As he that visits *Bridewell*, with intent  
 To Goodness learn from others Punishment,  
 Does fearless thro' the Prison confines rove,  
 Whilst guilty Slaves are to Correction drove:  
 Vast streams of melted Minerals ran down,  
 'Twixt glowing Banks of Adamantine Stone,  
 Roaring like Cataracts on ev'ry side,  
 Flowing with violence, like an eager Tide:

D

Where

Where Souls unpity'd are condemn'd to dwell,  
 Whilst Heav'ns without controul, or Hell is Hell.  
 They Plow'd the Fiery Surges to get free,  
 But sunk again, like Monsters in the Sea,  
 Or as the Poor on Earth, bore down by Destiny.  
 Near these were punish'd in Ignifuous Vaults,  
 The greatest Spirits for the biggest Faults:  
 Where I with pity and amazement view'd,  
 Princes of old, once stil'd so Great and Good,  
 Held so Immaculate, so all Divine,  
 That Gods could scarce with greater Glories shine;  
 High in the State, Victorious in the Field,  
 Abroad had Conquer'd, and at Home had Kill'd;  
 Wise in their Conduct, and approv'd their Cause,  
 Mighty in Pow'r, and equal in Applause:  
 Flatter'd on Earth by Poets and by Priests,  
 Yet doom'd at last to be Infernal Guests:  
 How much, thought I, do we mistake above;  
 Who esteem Pow'r a mark of Heaven's Love:  
 When thus I saw their grand Fatigues on Earth,  
 Their Noble Spirits and Illustrious Birth,  
 Their glorious Blood-shed in the wreaking Field,  
 For Crowns, or to enlarge Dominion spill'd.  
 Resistless Arms, and Arbitrary sway,  
 That forces ravish'd Countries to Obey.  
 Their dangerous Battels which they once might boast,  
 Crown'd with Success, by no Ill-fortune crost,  
 Were punish'd here as Princely Ills, too great  
 For common sinful Slaves to perpetrate.

Some

Some Crimson Hero's painted o'er with Blood,  
 Storming amidst their sweating Torments stood,  
 Rail'd against Kingdoms they had basely won,  
 And raving, curs'd each sanguine ill they'd done,  
 Accusing of Severity their Fate,  
 Made 'em renounce all Goodness to be Great:  
 Thus Tyrants, who so lordly once appear'd,  
 Rush'd on at all, nor God nor Devil fear'd,  
 In these dark Regions are decreed to know,  
 Tho' once they Rul'd above, they must Obey below,  
 And change that Splendor which deceiv'd the Crowd,  
 For guilty Consciences that cry'd aloud:  
 So the proud Combatants before they fell,  
 Look'd bright in Heav'n, but now look black in Hell:  
 Others thro' moody Pride contemn'd their Chains,  
 And bore with sullen hardness their Pains,  
 Slighted their Sufferings, patient stood and mute,  
 As *Nero* when tortur'd with the Boot;  
 Whilst some bemoan'd their Doom, their Crimes expos'd,  
 In Sighs and Tears their sad Despair disclos'd.  
 Whose cowardly Souls bewail'd their wretched state,  
 And beg'd for Mercy, but alas too late:  
 Railing at *Eve*, on her the blame they laid,  
 Who to such Miseries had her Sons betray'd,  
 Crying, O wretched Soul, that art Immortal made.

From thence I wander'd thro' a stately Porch,  
 Where Carbuncles supply'd the Light of Torch;  
 Flashes of Fire they darted from on high,  
 Like beams of Light'ning from a stormy Sky.

This



This Entry to a spacious Cavern led,  
 Where Azure Lamps with Oil of Sulphur fed,  
 Hung blinking round the subterranean Hall,  
 Num'rous as Beauties at a Prince's Ball,  
 But dim as Tapers at an Emperor's Funeral.  
 I gaz'd around, and at a distance off,  
 Saw Pillars of rough Adamant sustain the Roof,  
 Compos'd of Coral of Igniscent Red,  
 Like glowing Bars on Vulcan's Anvil laid,  
 Beset with Gems that made a glorious show,  
 And Orient Pearl adorn'd the sides below;  
 With Furies Whips, and Prongs Infernal grac'd,  
 Which were as Arms in a Guard-Chamber plac'd:  
 Fearless I walk'd, still further did intrude,  
 And Pluto's Palace with amazement view'd,  
 Till to a Bar at th' upper-end I came;  
 Gilded with Fire, and burnish'd o'er with Flame;  
 Within whose Bounds was held th' Infernal Court,  
 Without stood ghastly Prisoners *All-a-mort*;  
 Whilst *Radamanthus* on his Judgment-seat,  
 Like an old *Bridewell*-Judge look'd Grave and Great,  
 Awarding Pains proportion'd to the Sin  
 Of Souls condemn'd, by Hell's black Guards brought in,  
 From mighty *Jove's* High Court of Justice sent,  
 As Convicts to receive their Punishment.  
 Fresh enter'd Sinners made the Fiends new Sport,  
 Who haul'd th' unwilling Wretches into Court,  
 As Serjeants when their Prey want Coin or Bail,  
 Lug the poor Prisoner headlong to a Goal.



## CANTO IV.

A Train of vicious Priests did first draw near,  
 Guarded as Culprits to a Sessions-Bar;  
 Some in long Cloaks, and Gowns, great Coats and Bands,  
 With brainless Heads, grave Looks, and close clinch'd Hands;  
 For Spirits, by report of old, appear  
 In the same Shape they did, when living were:  
 Or else when Goblins, being vex'd and crost,  
 At Midnight rove from Pillar unto Post, (Ghost?)  
 How should the frighted Bumpkin know his Neighbour's?  
 A prating Devil rises, and at large,  
 Opens before the Court this following Charge.

The Pris'ners at the Bar, nor learn'd, nor wise;  
 Nor having Grace of Heaven before their Eyes,  
 Have with a carnal Weapon, call'd the Tongue,  
 Abus'd what's Righteous, and maintain'd what's Wrong;  
 Wounding Religion, and oppos'd the Truth,  
 And with their Whimsies maim'd and crippl'd both.  
 Also by Laziness and Looseness shew,  
 They ne'er would practice what they taught or knew;  
 But by their Lives on Earth made Mortals think,  
 Their only Duty was to Eat and Drink.  
 On Pigs and Geese luxuriously they fed,  
 By humble Peasants at their Groundsel's laid;  
 Who were themselves content with Bread and Cheese,  
 Small-Beer, Skim-Milk, and such like things as these,  
 Yet labour'd hard to keep their wanton Guides in Ease.

E

Whilst

Whilst they Carous'd, and did on Dainties Dine,  
 Squeezing each Bigot's Cupboard, and his Vine,  
 As if their God was Mear, and Paradise was Wine.  
 And when they'd rais'd their Lust by luscious Food,  
 To bless with more encrease the Pious Brood,  
 And kiss the Godly Dame was held divinely Good.  
 Further they would with Things unjust comply  
 For Gain, and ask no other reason why:  
 Preach *Pro* and *Con*, with any Faction side,  
 To gain their Ends, and gratifie their Pride;  
 Yet made the Ignorant by their Cant believe,  
 They could assurance of Salvation give,  
 To all that pin'd their Faith upon their Pastor's Sleeve:  
 The Laws they taught their very Lives defy'd,  
 Enjoying all to others they deny'd.  
 The Rich they envy'd and the Poor abus'd,  
 Extolling Charity, but none they us'd:  
 Rail'd at the Miser, and his rusty hoard,  
 Declar'd how Charity's in Heaven stor'd,  
 Yet never lent themselves one Penny to the Lord,  
 But did in riotous Excesses live,  
 Covering all things, yet would nothing give.

As walking in the upper World one Day,  
 A Lame poor Wretch stood begging in their way;  
 Great were his Wants, but their Neglects were such,  
 He nocht'd down nineteen Teachers on his Crutch,  
 On whom thro' Heav'n he did for succour call,  
 But got not one small Alms amongst 'em all.

The Cripple turn'd to's mumping Mate, says he,  
 If Charity, alas, be Heaven's Key,  
 How will these fable Souls admittance get,  
 From whom we ne'er obtain'd one Farthing yet.  
 Poh, says the other, I have beg'd of many,  
 When young I was, but never got one Penny;  
 And now I've learn'd more Wit than e'er to beg of any.

The Hypocrite they damn'd, and set at nought,  
 Yet play'd the same thro' ev'ry Hour they taught;  
 With Eyes turn'd up, as a Religious Grace,  
 They daily flatter'd Heaven to its Face;  
 And ev'ry Name of Lord they bawl'd aloud,  
 More to amuse, than to instruct the Crowd.

When all their thoughtless Nonsense spoke beside,  
 If by the touch of common Reason try'd,  
 Was something that just nothing signify'd,  
 The Doctrine of Forgiveness would they give;  
 But injur'd once, revenge it whilst they live:  
 Many commit, but no Affronts would bear,  
 And when provok'd, they so Contentious were,  
 That with Stiff-Necks, and Hearts as hard as Rocks,  
 Rather than lose an Egg, they'd spend an Ox.  
 Deliv'ring each poor En'my, to the Jaws  
 Of that wild Monster the devouring Laws:  
 Where Justice is too oft so dearly bought,  
 The Wrong's most cheap where Justice ne'er is sought.  
 These are the Ills for which they're higher sent,  
 By Heav'n's Decree to receive Punishment;  
 Therefore, my Lord, what now remains for you,  
 Is to award such Pains as are their due.

The



The Judge arising did his Task assume,  
 And gravely standing thus pronounc'd their Doom:  
 Altho'; says he, in diff'rent Robes you came,  
 I find your Ills are equally the same:  
 I decree therefore you alike shall feel,  
 A Tythe of all the Punishments in Hell.  
 And as you; when you did on Earth reside,  
 The Poor neglected, who on Alms rely'd,  
 So shall you Mercy crave, but always be deny'd:  
 They nothing had on their behalfs to say,  
 But whimper'd, and by Fiends were drag'd away.

## CANTO V.

Before the next surprising Scene appear'd,  
 A noise of strange tumultuous Tongues I heard,  
 They nearer still approach'd, till grown as loud,  
 As the base Murmurs of a Trait'rous Crowd,  
 Rais'd by some Statesman's Tool, to perpetrate  
 Some ill Design against a sinking State.  
 At last in view there came a wondrous Throng  
 Of fetter'd Convicts, all upon the Tongue:  
 Each to the other did confus'dly Prate,  
 Like tat'ling Gossips in a drunken Chat;  
 Or else like Temple Students, when they call,  
 To fright the crasse Bench, *A Hall, a Hall*:  
 Grave Robes and Gowns of sundry sorts they wore,  
 And many Badges of distinction bore,  
 Some old Grey-Heads, with Silk and Flax adorn'd,  
 Whose wrinkled Brows, as well as Toes, were Corn'd

By



By Wives too young for Sixty, and too old  
 To bribe off Loves enjoyments with their Husbands Gold.  
 Gouty and Lame these Sages limp'd along,  
 And were advanc'd the foremost in the Throng ;  
 All seeming by their mercenary Looks  
 Cunning as Foxes, and as sharp as Hawks :  
 Their Palms look'd black, by taking Bribes of Coin,  
 As Slaves who labour in an *Indian* Mine :  
 Methoughts I heard 'em cry, Ne'er fear, go on,  
 My Fee, my Fee, your bus'ness shall be done ;  
 Money's the Life, the Spirit of the Laws,  
 Find me but that, and never fear your Cause.  
 These were succeeded by the Clerks o'th' Court,  
 The lesser Scribes, that do the greater hurt,  
 Whose woful earnest of a Ten Groats Fee,  
 Enters the Client first in Miserie :  
 Of these some Beaus, and some precise in Bands,  
 With Parchment Rows, like Truncheons in their Hands ;  
 Their Pockets stuff'd with Scrawls, like Poet Bays,  
 For expedition some, and some delays ;  
 Under their Arms green Woollen Snap-sacks hung,  
 Fill'd with learn'd Instruments of Right and Wrong.  
 There follow'd next to these a spurious sort  
 Of Pettyfogers, meer Locusts of the Court,  
 Who often help the former to deceive,  
 And eat up what the bigger Vermin leave.  
 Some by their Shop-board Looks were Taylors bred,  
 But broke, and on their Backs had scarce a Shred ;  
 Not only in their Lives, but Looks were Knaves,  
 Litigious from their Cradles to their Graves.

Vers'd in those Querks, amongst the Scribes they saw,  
 After long Troubles did themselves withdraw,  
 From making Sutes of Cloaths, to manage Suits of Law : }  
 Well knowing it requires an equal Skill,  
 To make a Lawyer's, or a Taylor's Bill.  
 Amongst this paltry Crew, were Ten to One  
 Bred up to Trades, but by the Law undone :  
 And thus distress'd, most equitably fought  
 Relief from that which had their Ruin brought :  
 Or else resolv'd, from being basely us'd,  
 T' abuse the Law, by which they'd been abus'd.  
 So the poor Wretch, who Witchcraft has endur'd,  
 If once she claws the envious Hag she's cur'd.  
 Some in Freeze-Coats, strait Wiggs, and flapping Hats;  
 Great Beards, and dirty Hands, like Counter Rats,  
 With Looks undaunted, at their Heels a Straw,  
 Bold Teasers and Tormenters in the Law :  
 Tho' all the knavish Knowledge they had in't,  
 Was learn'd i'th' *Fryars*, *Newgate*, or the *Mint* :  
 These in each Cause, to manifest their Care,  
 Wou'd, if they're hir'd, Sollicit or Forswear :  
 Stand stilly to a Point, the World might see,  
 Their Clients should, by them, no Sufferers be.

Bailiffs and Hangmen did the next appear,  
 And Goalers too were crowded in the Rear ;  
 Why these were mix'd, I ask'd, and 'twas because,  
 These were the Plagues and Periods of the Laws,  
 Whom all Mankind with equal Odium hate,  
 For Rog'ries done so despicably great.

These

These hung an Arse, and crept so slow along,  
 A Devil spurr'd them forward with his Prong :  
 And at their Laziness with Rage inflam'd,  
 Cry'd, move you Rogues, walk faster, and be damn'd.  
 A Hangman angry at the gross Affront,  
 Turn'd back his Head, and answer'd him as blunt,  
 Why Rogue, and please your Worship, what d'ye mean,  
 I have as honest as my Master's been :  
 I from all blame by Human Laws am freed,  
 And only finish'd what the Court decreed :  
 What if some Wretches should unjustly dye,  
 The Fault is not in me or my Employ ;  
 Those that Convicted 'em were Rogues, not I.  
 These, tho' alike, by no means could agree,  
 Or to each Brother Villain civil be :  
 The Bailiffs on the Hangmen look'd awry,  
 Each Carnifex return'd an evil Eye,  
 As threat'ning to be with 'em by and by,  
 Like signs of Terror on their Brows did sit,  
 One fear'd a Rope, the other fear'd a Writ :  
 Mutual Aversions were on each entail'd,  
 From Bailiffs oft b'ing Hang'd, and Hangmen Goal'd :  
 'Twixt Fear and Hate they did each other greet,  
 As a poor Bankrupt, who by chance shall meet  
 The Creditor he's Cozen'd, in the Street.

Round the Infernal Court they all were haul'd,  
 The first Division to the Bar were call'd ;  
 The Charge brought down from the High Court of Jove,  
 Of which they'd all Convicted been above :

Silence

Silence was first proclaim'd in the Divan,  
 And Hell's Attorney-General thus began:  
 My Lord, the Grave, Wife Culprits at the Bar,  
 Who rais'd amongst Mankind perpetual War;  
 By some call'd Lawyers, and by some Be-knav'd,  
 Who by sly Querks the Upper-World enslav'd;  
 Subtle as Foxes, who with Tongues, not Claws,  
 Dug themselves Holes, and burrow'd in the Laws;  
 Skill'd to unravel Justice, but instead,  
 A hundred Wrongs to one just Act they did;  
 Till by ill use so mercenary grown,  
 They valu'd no Man's welfare but their own:  
 By study'd means would tedious Suits create,  
 And spin each Contest to a long Debate;  
 For other Persons plead, but get themselves the Estate;  
 Justice behind so many Querks they've put,  
 None but the long full Purse can find her out.  
 In vain by Thousands has she oft been sought,  
 But seldom found but when too dearly bought.  
 These her dark Agents, to their Country's shame,  
 Gilded their Frauds and Knaveries with her Name,  
 But seldom would regard the hoodwink'd heavenly Dame.  
 Bias'd by Briberies to the strongest side,  
 Rich Men were serv'd, when Paupers were deny'd:  
 For golden Fees, each sold his silver Tongue;  
 The Money'd Cause was right, if starv'd, 'twas wrong.  
 The Poor thus slighted, seldom could prevail;  
 Large Fees the Pleader turn'd, and he the Scale,  
 From him to whom the Ballance should encline  
 By right, but perishes for want of Coin.

Con-



Contentious Suits and Quarrels they began,  
 Oft to th' undoing of the Just Good Man,  
 By wilful Flaws in Deeds, they might avoid :  
 Thus err'd with Pens, their Tongues might be imploy'd,  
 Till the poor Sufferers Bags had largely paid,  
 For mending Faults their knavish Lawyers made.  
 If the Rich Miser ask'd their sage Advice  
 In a bad Case, they'd only say 'twas Nice :  
 But if their Client to the dregs was drawn,  
 And had no Money, or Estate to Pawn,  
 Tho' good his Cause, 'twas bad, not worth the carrying on.  
 So the Youth, poyson'd with a Harlot's Eye,  
 Is Hug'd and Flatter'd till she sucks him dry ;  
 But when she's Jilted him of all she cou'd,  
 Foh ! his Breath stinks, and all his Talk is rude.

Th' Infernal Orator now paus'd a space,  
 He hawk'd and spit, blow'd Nose, and wip'd his Face :  
 B'ing thus refresh'd, he turn'd his sawcer Eyes,  
 And to Attorneys thus himself applies,  
 You who in Times of old did Ink-horns wear  
 In Leathern Zones, and Pens in twisted Hair ;  
 Whose Locks were Comb'd as lank, and cut as short,  
 As best should seem the pleasure of the Court.  
 Who now on Earth as num'rously abound,  
 As Rooks and Magpies in a new sown Ground :  
 These by foul Practice and Extortion thrive'd,  
 And beggar'd half the Country where they liv'd ;  
 Reviv'd old Discords, kindl'd up new Flame,  
 And sow'd Contention wheresoe'er they came,

To pick the Purse of each laborious Slave,  
 Who Thrashes hard to feed the greedy Knave,  
 Buoy'd up with hopes he shall Victorious be;  
 He sweats and toils a Week to earn a Fee,  
 Then to next Market rides before his Dame,  
 And to his Scribe presents, with scraping Leg, the same;  
 Who bids the Booby Client chear his Heart,  
 And haughtily does bad Advice impart,  
 Fear not, says he, I'll make the Rascal smart;  
 But when his Purse has yielded up its Store,  
 His Cause proves bad, if he can bleed no more:  
 You told me wrong, did several things misplace,  
 Agree, agree, it proves an ugly Case.  
 Thus by long Bills stuff'd with unlawful Fees,  
 They tax'd the Farmer as themselves should please:  
 Improv'd litigious Suits by ill Advice,  
 Eat up full Barns and Acres in a trice,  
 And plagu'd the sinful Land like Egypt's Frogs and Lice.  
 As they from Leathern Belt to Sword arose,  
 And from a rural Grey to Town-made Cloaths,  
 The greater value on their Pains they laid,  
 The more impos'd, the Client still obey'd,  
 And scrap'd and bow'd more low at ev'ry word he said.  
 These were the Locust first from Envy bred,  
 Who like the Drone, on others Labours fed;  
 And such insatiate Appetites they shew,  
 As still devour'd, and still more hungry grew.  
 So the lean Miser that improves his Store,  
 Becomes more close and greedy than before,  
 And as he grows more Rich, the more he grinds the Poor.

This

'This said, the pensive Scribes were all set by;  
 And to the Bar they call'd the lesser Fry,  
 Those worser Knaves, that Pestilential Throng,  
 Who in the Rear-Division march'd along,  
 The Court amaz'd to see so vile a Train,  
 The sable Pleader thus again began :  
 Of these, my Lord, but little need be said,  
 The worst of Rogues that Human Race e'er bred.  
 In Frauds and Cheats all others these excell,  
 A curse to Earth, and now a Shame to Hell.  
 Treach'rous their Trade, and odious as its Name,  
 Abhorr'd of all the World from whence they came :  
 These at no Crime or Villany would start,  
 But boast and glory in each roguish part,  
 Hell's sharpest Pains scarce equals their Desert. ]  
 Concluding thus, the Judge himself begins,  
 And pronounc'd Sentence in the following Lines :  
 You in grave Robes, most learn'd in Human Laws,  
 Who by locutious Arts could damn a Cause  
 Tho' ne'er so just, and make the wrong appear,<sup>1</sup>  
 When e'er you pleas'd indisputably clear ;  
 And since these Ills were all for Riches done,  
 A melted Mine of Gold shall ever run,  
 Upon your greedy Palms, and drop upon each Tongue. }  
 Thus shall your Crimes (by this my just Decree,) }  
 Done for the lucre of a golden Fee, }  
 With Gold be punish'd to Eternity. }  
 And you the mercenary Clerks o'th' Court,  
 Who made your Clients ruine but your Sport,

And

And by Neglect, or by unlawful Speed,  
 Gave Mortals twice the trouble that you need;  
 Who held it just, in practice of the Laws,  
 To widen Discords, and prolong the Cause,  
 Whilst the large Purse did with advantage fight,  
 And conquer'd him that had the greatest Right;  
 Then with long Bills the vanquish'd Wretch pursue,  
 And make him pay half double what's his due,  
 To you a new-found Punishment I'll give,  
 Amongst old Hags and Furies shall you live,  
 There Scratch and Claw, and in confusion fight,  
 Till Hell wants Darkness, and the Heavens Light;  
 There shall you strive to mitigate your Pain,  
 And reconcile your Foes, but all in vain.  
 Furies shall scourge you with their Scorpion-Rods,  
 Beneath the reach of Mercy from the Gods,  
 Thus dwell involv'd in Night, eternally at odds.

*\* Bailiffs and  
 Hangmen.*

And as for you, \* curs'd even from your Birth,  
 The very dregs of all the Rogues on Earth,  
 Offspring of Devils, and by Nature base,  
 Ne'er bless'd with one small Ray of Heav'n's Grace,  
 But led to Crimes, by such degen'rate Wills,  
 That knew no Pleasure but in acting Ills,  
 The hottest Mansions of the deep Abyss,  
 Where fiery Snakes and Salamanders hiss,  
 To those dire Confines shall you all be sent,  
 Where Fires at once shall quicken and torment;  
 And as you burn, Hell's Roof shall open'd be,  
 You distant Souls in Paradise may see,  
 And by their Joy, encrease your own sad Misery.



Thus *Radamanthus* spoke -----

Then did the Guards their proper Pris'ners take,  
And, by force, drag them to the burning Lake,  
Who hung an Arse, like Bears, when hauling to the Stake.

## C A N T O VI.

Soon as the Scribes were to their Torments gone,  
I heard another Crowd come trampling on ;  
Grave Seigniors led the *Æsculapian* Rout,  
Some crying, Oh! the Stone, some, Oh! the Gout ;  
Holding in ev'ry Interval a Chat,  
Of *Acids*, *Alkalies*, and Hell knows what.  
Some boasting of a *Nostrum* of his own,  
To all the College but himself unknown.  
Another prais'd an universal Slop,  
Made from the sweepings of a Drugster's Shop ;  
Whose wond'rous Vertues may be seen in Print,  
Tho' he that made it never knew what's in't.  
Another wisely had acquir'd an Art,  
To make a Man Immortal by a Squirt.  
Some with two Talents were profusely blest,  
And seem'd to study least, what they profess,  
In earnest Poetry, and Physick but in jest.  
One hop'd by Satyr he himself should raise  
To the same Honour some had done by Praise,  
But angry seem'd because he lost his Aim,  
And did th' Ingratitude of Princes blame,  
Who gave not that Reward he might in Justice claim.  
As they mov'd forwards great Complaints they made  
Against the crafty Pharmaceutick Trade ;

Bad were their Med'cines, and too great their Price,  
 Little their Care, and ign'rant their Advice;  
 Who from the Bills they fill'd had found a way  
 To seem as Wise, and be as Rich as they.

Ne'er fear, says one, a Project I'll advance  
 Shall bring them back to their first Ignorance.

The Means propos'd were neither wise, nor fair,  
 A frothy Thought that vanish'd into Air,  
 And left the wrinkled Consult in a deep despair.

Graduates and Emp'ricks here did well agree,  
 And kindly mix'd, like Gold and Mercury.

Both had their Bands, their Canes Japan'd with black,  
 Each in their Carriage had the same grave Knack,  
 'Twas hard to know the Doctor from the Quack.

Both skill'd to sift the Patients Worth, or Want,  
 And furnish'd were alike with Chamber-Cant:  
 Both could advance their Cane-heads to their Nose,

And bid the Nurse take off, or lay on Cloths;

Judge the sick Pulse, pursuant to the Rule,

And ask the Patient when he'd last a Stool:

Both talk'd alike, alike did understand,

Each had hard Words as Plenty at Command;

But that which some small distance had begot,

One knew from whence deriv'd, the other not.

The Emperick therefore in Dispute oft yields,

And gives the College D<sup>un</sup>-ce the Mast'ry of *Moorfields*.

Thus he that's Sick to either may address,

For both administer with like Success,

The Quack oft kills, the Doctor does no less.

Next

Next these a Troop of Med'cine Mongers went  
 With Cordials in their Hands, they should not faint,  
 Who rail'd against the College Dons, and swore  
 Themselves as Wise as those that went before.  
 One much disturb'd his Brethren were oppress'd,  
 Attention begg'd, and thus he spoke his best:  
 Thro' Zeal to's Trade, he rashly did begin,  
 Speaking as if on Earth he still had been:  
 If to our Wrong, Physicians stoop so low,  
 To keep a Med'cine Warehouse, let 'em know,  
 We'll practice Physick till we kill and slay  
 As many Thousands in a Year as they.  
 The Poor they promis'd should have Med'cines free,  
 Instead of that the Upper-World may see,  
 They make 'em pay great Rates for as bad Goods as we. }  
 Therefore in just Revenge let's drive at all,  
 Advise, Bleed, Purge, and no Physician call:  
 Thus into obstinate Resolves they broke,  
 And wisely, like Apothecaries, spoke,  
 We will do what we will, and let them see,  
 As long as we don't care, pray what care we.

St. Barth'lomew's Physicians next came up,  
 Some bred *Tom-Fools*, and some to Dance the Rope:  
 One Month employ'd i'th' Business of the Fair,  
 And th' other Eleven strolling Doctors were.  
 Of Learning these no Portion had, or Sence,  
 Their only Gift was downright Impudence:  
 Chiefly in *Germany* and *Holland* born,  
 But *England's* Plague, and their own Country's Scorn.

The

The Poor Fools Idol, and the Wiseman's Scoff;  
 Yet often cur'd what Learned Heads left off.  
 With these were Sow-Gelders, and Tooth-Drawers mixt,  
 And Barber-Surgeons here and there betwixt.  
 Some round their Necks had Chains and Medals got,  
 For Curing some strange Prince of God knows what:  
 Others who Bulls, and Bores, and Colts had Gelt,  
 Wore Silver Horse-shoes on a Scarlet Belt.  
 Whilst Spoon-Promoters with the rest came on,  
 Adorn'd with Sets of good sound Teeth they'd drawn.  
 Illicit rate all, from painful Study freed,  
 Scarce one could Write, and very few could read.  
 Themselves they extol'd, on others heaping Blame,  
 Their Bills and common Talk were much the same:  
 When e'er they spoke their barren Nonsense shew,  
 They little had to say, and less to do.  
 Some from the Loom, some from the Laff arose,  
 Others from making or from mending Cloaths.  
 Pretending all such useful Truths they'd found  
 In Physick's Riddle, which but few expound,  
 That was most pleasant, speedy, safe and sure,  
 And in the twinkling of an Eye would Cure  
 The worst Disease on Earth, that Mortal cou'd endure.

Close to the Bar they now began to Crowd,  
 Hoping for Mercy, very low they bow'd.  
 The Judge being tir'd, did for some Hours adjourn,  
 And left 'em there to wait the Court's Return.

*The End of the First Part.*